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THE KNEELING CAMEL

And Other Poems

By

ANNA TEMPLE



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Anna Temple



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DEDICATION

I would this little book of verse might be
My stained-glass window, given in memory
 Of my beloved, who are gone—not dead—
 But simply into higher pastures led.
And should one look to see
What manner of design my glass may be,
 Let it be said
The white-robed saints are here—oft vexed and tried—
And the Good Shepherd standing at their side.



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A. T.

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**THE KNEELING CAMEL
AND OTHER POEMS**

The Kneeling Camel.

The camel at the close of day
Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off,
And rest to gain.

My soul, thou too shouldst to thy knees
When daylight draweth to a close,
And let thy Master lift thy load,
And grant repose.

Else how canst thou tomorrow meet,
With all tomorrow's work to do,
If thou thy burden all the night
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace his load;
Then rises up anew to take
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn,
That God may give the daily care;
Assured that He no load too great
Will make thee bear.

Broken Things.

But broken pitchers bearing light,
 Yet Gideon's host triumphant sang;
And through the stillness of the camp
 Their shouts of victory rang.

A shipwreck, and but broken spars
 All tossed upon an angry main;
Yet one of them enabled Paul
 Melita's coast to gain.

A broken Body on a cross,
 A wound, whence blood and water flow;
And every fettered child of sin
 Might full deliv'rance know.

And in that feast of memory
 The broken bread, the poured-out wine,
In silent manner speak to us
 About the love divine.

How dear to God are broken things,
What power in His hand they gain;
Then trust Him with your broken hopes,
And bodies racked with pain.

Faith's Song.

Thus come our doubts, like some great bank
at sea

Of fog through which we cannot penetrate,
Nor see the dangers that around us wait;
'Tis then that Faith must sing, "He leadeth
me."

And she has sung it; loud, and full, and clear
Her voice went outwards o'er the billow's
foam;

And those upon the vessel bound for home
Rejoiced to hear her sing "Our God is near."

O Faith, stay by me till I reach the shore,
Till in the realms of day this darksome night
Shall be a thing that's past, and faith be
sight;

Till I shall need thy guiding hand no more.

“As An Eagle.”

The eagle, o'er her young presiding,
Stirs up their quiet rest;
Breaks in upon their sure confiding
Within their rock-built nest;
And taking them upon her wings,
She bears aloft those vexéd things.

One moment on her pinions keeping
The eaglets weak and small;
The next, she turns, and downward sweeping
Though helpless leaves them all
To battle, and to try their wings,
And make themselves not helpless things.

She leaves them, but she still is eyeing
Their progress, weak and slow;
And when one falters in its flying,
The mother-bird doth know;

And quickly on her outstretched wings
She takes again those tired things.

O soul, the Lord thy faith is trying

When He stirs up thy rest;

And He would ever have thee flying

Toward what is good and best:

If thou shouldst falter His strong wing

Is underneath thee, faithless thing.

(Deut. 32:11, 12)

My Right-Hand Load.

In my right hand I clasp tomorrow's grief,
And in my left is held the present woe;
No other hand have I wherewith to grasp
The needed strength, and wearily I go
Weighed down by these two loads, and aching
sore,

And sore dismayed because no help I see;
And sore perplexed, because my greater load
Doth make me lean and walk unevenly.

I lean toward my right—tomorrow's load
Is so much greater than the present grief;
But lo, at last for my right hand I find

A wondrous strength, a marvelous relief.
God takes this right-hand load, I need not hold
Tomorrow's woe, and now my hand is free
To grasp the strength I need so much today,—
I grasp it, Jesus, when I cling to Thee.

(Isaiah 41:13)

His Will.

How shall I know His will concerning me?

Shall I look forward to some future lot
And count the coming days
(Which may be not),
As though some love should fill
Those days with revelations of His will?

How shall I know His will concerning me?

Shall I look backward to the distant years,
And try to understand,
Through blinding tears,
With what those days were filled?
'Twould be to know I hindered all He willed.

How shall I know His will concerning me?

I will look steadfastly at present days;
If grieving I will trust,

If joyous praise:
Each day I know He fills
With work for Him: what *is* is what He
wills.

On His Hands.

Two marks are graven on His hands
Which time shall ne'er efface;
One is myself, my sinful self,
And one the sign of grace.

The nail-marks still are on His hands,
The marks of Calv'ry's tree;
It was my sin that put them there,
It was my sin—and me.

My name is written on His hands,
My name—who put it there
Along with that dark signature
That I have made Him wear?

He wrote my name upon His hands,
And thus the seal was set
To all that covenant of love
Which neither can forget.

I fix my gaze upon His hands,
And think of Calvary;
He sees what He has written there,
And then remembers me.

(Isaiah 49:16)

Duty.

I held a flower in my hand;
'Twas night, I could not see;
And judging from the perfume thought
The flower must ugly be.
But when the morning came and light
With its transforming power,
I did forget all else beside
The beauty of the flower.

God placed a duty in my hand:
Before mine eyes could see
Its rightful form that duty seemed
A bitter thing to me.
The Sun of Glory rose and shone;
Then duty I forgot,
And knew with what a privilege
The Lord had blessed my lot.

Thy Given Task.

The present moment is divinely sent,

The present duty is Thy Master's will;
Oh, thou who longest for some noble work,

Do thou this hour thy given task fulfil;
And thou shalt find, though small at first it
seemed,

It is the work of which thou oft hast
dreamed.

Oh, think not, if thou art not called to work

In mission fields of some far-distant clime,
That thine is no *grand* mission. Every deed

That comes to thee in God's allotted time
Is just the greatest deed that thine could be,
Since God's high will appointed it for
thee.

Two Faces.

I saw two faces; both were crowned
With whitened hair;
And one unpleasing was to see,
And one was fair.

I questioned Wisdom of the cause,
And she replied:
That sin within one heart had lived,
In one had died.

God's Promises.

As some dear friend, who knew thy straitened
case,

By letter or by hand should send to thee
A gift for that amount that met thy need,
And raised thee out of want and poverty;
So God has sent thee gracious promises,
Which thou before His throne in faith canst
plead

When pressed by any ill or sore distress,
And find sufficient for thine utmost need.

Oh, foolish wert thou, then, through any doubt
To linger still in want and poverty,
When but to claim some promise as thine own
Would bring such boundless wealth and joy
to thee.

My Master's Order.

“Go work and pray”;
That was His order yesterday;
And should I dare to disobey?

Now His command
Is wholly changed; He bids me stand
Aside, and watch His working hand.

Today His will
Is spoken in these words, “Lie still”;
And shall I not His wish fulfil?

“Lie still—and pray”;
That is my Lord's command today:
And I will do His work His way.

“Eternal, Unchangeable.”

God liveth,
All is well;
God dieth never.
Then over death and hell
I triumph ever.

God seeth
Night and day;
God sleepeth never.
Then all my pilgrim way
God watcheth ever.

God loveth.
I can prove
God loveth ever.
Then nothing from His love
My soul shall sever.

In Sorrow's Hour.

Men faithless slept

When Jesus wept

In agony.

And let His cry

Unheard go by

In His Gethsemane.

But when men weep

God does not sleep;

He stoops to see

Each falling tear,

Each sigh to hear

In their Gethsemane.

The Making of the Flute.

A branch lay broken on the grass
While winds played o'er it and around;
And birds sang sweetly in the trees,
And crickets chirped upon the ground:
All voiceless lay the dying wood
Though bathed in sound.

But one drew near who saw it lie,
Storm-stricken from the parent tree;
With fibres torn and edges rough,
And leaves all hanging listlessly;
He lifted it, exclaiming—"This
My flute shall be."

Then down he sat beneath the trees,
And trimmed with knife the edges
rough;

And marked and measured width and
length,

The straggling fibres cutting off:
Until his eye in wisdom saw
It was enough.

And all day long he pierced and cut,
And polished while the hot sun shone;
But when it sank beneath the hills,
And all his work at last was done,
He breathed an air through his new flute
Of sweetest tone.

Like silent wood, O tuneless soul,
O fallen, helpless, voiceless thing,
You need the artist touch of One
Who sweetest melody can bring
From tuneless souls, although He pierce
To make you sing.

An Evening Revery.

Bare twigs, brown earth, and far off pink-
tinged sky,

And faintest blue, of evening's shaded dye,—
Oh, what a picture for an artist's eye.

The leafless twigs point heavenward, and
they

Do seem to touch the glow of closing day,—
What a fine subject for a poet's lay.

The dead, brown earth is bathed in sunset's
glow,

As grace doth cover human sin and woe,—
What a great truth for every man to know.

The Chimes.

The quarter hour chimes, like some young life
Whose tender melody
Has just begun;
Not till the hour is done
Can we know fully what the tune shall be.

The half-hour sounds, an added chord is
played;
Yet the melodious tone,
Though rich and sweet,
Is still all incomplete,—
Like infancy when but to boyhood grown.

Three chimes play next, the time is wearing on,
The tune is much more clear:
I now can see
What the last note shall be,
As manhood ripe in goodness doth appear.

Four chimes, the tune is done. Soft, sweet,
and low

Sounds forth the final chord.

I think I see

An old man patiently

Await the coming summons of his Lord.

The hour strikes; to an eternal rest

The summons comes at last.

And every chime

Has sounded in its time,

And age itself forevermore is past.

Unused Power.

When Christ to His disciples gave the power
To heal the sick, and cleanse all leprous men,
And bring the dead once more to life again,
And cast the devils forth, that very hour
Was Judas with them; unto him was given
As well as unto Peter or to John,
That grace which should its victories have
won

In every time of need, through help of heaven.
How came it, then, that he to whom such
strength

Was granted that he surely might have cast
The devil from himself, was led at last
To follow Satan to so great a length?
It must be that in dark temptation's hour
He simply left unused God-given power.

(Matt. 10:1-5)

What God Forgets.

In ignorance I thought,

In silly fear, and foolishness, and dread,—
“God doth remember all the sins I wrought,
And doth forget how needy is my lot.”

But lo, instead,

When I His message read
I found it was my need on which He thought,
My sins that He, because of Christ, forgot.

Coming Home.

My ship is coming home; beside the breakers
That roll incessantly,
I catch the flutter in the evening twilight
Of sails across the sea.

And as I watch them drawing near and nearer,
With onward course and straight,
I wonder if the angels with such pleasure
For souls immortal wait.

Oh, do they stand there at the port of heaven
In high expectancy,
Ready to hail each home-returning vessel
That comes across life's sea?

What pleasure, then, in sunset's glow and
beauty

With drooping sails to come,
And hear those angels singing in the harbor
"Welcome, oh, welcome home."

“In Jeopardy.”

Through all the storm that swept the sky,
And lashed the fretted sea,
And caused the little ship to ride
“In jeopardy,”
The Master slept; nor roar of winds,
Nor anger of the deep,
Nor rocking of the boat disturbed
His peaceful sleep.

But when in terror and distress
His children to Him came,
And in their trouble called for help
Upon His name,
He woke whom storms had wakened not;
Above the raging sea
He heard the voice of them that cried
“In jeopardy.”

(Luke 8:22-24)

The Better Song.

O angels, sing your glorious songs of praise,
Ye spirits blessed, with never taint of sin;
I cannot voice the anthems that ye raise;

My lips are dumb, for when I would begin
To whisper forth some worthy melody,
I falter, thinking of the sin in me.

O angels, silence; cease your rapturous song!

Ye cannot sing as now my soul can sing.
Your lips must falter, dumb must be your
tongue,

When at the footstool of our glorious King
My ransomed soul doth tell of sins forgiven,
And makes her song of praise fill earth and
heaven.

“Until He Find.”

O tender shepherd, climbing rugged mountains,

And wading waters deep,

How long wouldst thou be willing to go homeless

To find a straying sheep?

“I count no time,” the shepherd gently answered,

“As thou dost count and bind

The days in weeks, the weeks in months; my counting

Is just—until I find.

“And that would be the limit of my journey.

I’d cross the waters deep,

And climb the hillsides with unfailing patience,

Until I found my sheep.”

(Luke 15: 4)

I Never Knew.

I never knew how very far from home
My wandering feet had strayed,
Until I saw
The wounds my Shepherd bore,—
Wounds which His thorny search for
me had made.

I never knew within that sheltered home
How good it was to be,
Till, tired out
With wandering and doubt,
Back to His fold my Shepherd carried
me.

The Sea's Lament.

“Why mournest thou all day, thou mighty
deep?”

I said inquiringly.

The waves drew back in wonder and surprise,

In sheer amazement did they fall and rise,
To think that such as I

Should dare to ask the sorrow of the sea.

And so I stood alone upon the beach

With question unreplied.

Until it seemed in friendliness for me

Those waves came forth again from out the
sea;

And rolling slowly in,

Crept as repentant to my very side.

And there they breathed their sorrow to mine
ear

Upon that lonely shore:

They told me how their billows were to be
As things forgotten in eternity,—

While I should ever live,
That great and restless deep should be “no
more.”

A Parable.

Within the palace of a king

A royal feast was spread,

And duke and lord sat round the board,

The sovereign at its head;

And sumptuous fare was lavished there,

Choice wine and whitest bread.

How came the wine so choice and pure,

How came the bread so white?

How came they there a royal fare

For king and lord and knight?

Because the hand that tilled the land

His work had done aright.

'Tis small things need the greatest care

The little seed we sow,

The young vines small need watching all,

That they may hardy grow;

That wine and bread on tables spread

Perfected work may show.

The Children's Fortress.

The tide has turned, the tide is coming in,
The children's fortress down upon the beach
Must be abandoned when the crested waves
Its sandy walls shall reach.

All morning long they romped in ecstasy;
O cruel waves, the children's play to spoil;
O faithful waves, that warn us not to build
Where tides may mock our toil.

A Snow Legend.

O ye clouds, that float above me,
O ye winds, that round me blow,
Can ye tell me from what quarter
Comes the driving snow?

“From the north, inquiring maiden,
Where an old man, stooping low
By his grate, mourns o’er the ashes,”
Said the winds that blow.

“For the snow-flakes are the ashes
Of the summer’s glow.

“See him as he stoops and shivers,
Rubs his wrinkled hands and sighs—

‘Just one ember left a-glowing,
And that ember dies;

Come back, summer, come and warm me;
I am cold,’ he cries.

“Then he catches up the bellows,
Tries to make the embers glow;
Only sets the ashes whirling,
Dancing high and low:
And the ashes of the summer
Are the flakes of snow.”

Oh, Oh, To Be a Butterfly.

“Oh, oh, to be a butterfly,”
I hear you sigh,
And I reply
You would not sing
Of such a thing
If you were always on the wing.

Sometimes to be a butterfly
And soar on high
I'll not deny
Is very good,
When field and wood
Are bright with flowers that offer food.

But oh, to be a butterfly
When storms are nigh,
And flowers die!
Then I would be
A maid like thee,
With some dear home to shelter me.

How the Pines Grow.

For many and many a day
The pines heard the strong wind sighing,
Moaning and crying—

“Over the hills and away
Is a place I am knowing
Where nothing is growing.”

“No grass?” cried the pines in distress,

“No grand forest trees?”

“None of these,”

Sobbed the wind; “barrenness
Rules the place I am knowing,
For *nothing* is growing.”

“Take our seed,” said the pines in dismay,

“Quick, let them be planted

Where most they are wanted—
Over the hills and away

In that land thou art knowing
Where nothing is growing.”

Then fast went the seed-laden breeze
To that desolate land,
And there in the sand
It planted the gift of the trees.
And now for that sowing
Sweet pine groves are growing.

A Winter's Thought.

This snow imprisons me; my foolish feet
Refuse to wander on these slippery ways,
And I am prone to sigh for summer days:
But when I hear the children on our street
Shouting with laughter in their winter's
glee,
My soul is glad that not alone for me
Were all things made, else might the chil-
dren lose
Half their year's joy if it were mine to
choose.

A Legend of the Evergreens.

The fir and the spruce and the pine
And the wind held speech together;
And they talked of the loss that would come
to man

With the coming of winter weather:
And the wind bemoaned that the forest trees
Were giving their robes to each beggar breeze.

"It will never do," said the pine,
And the fir repeated "never."
"For the heart of man would grow dismayed
If winter storms should ever
Be robbing the earth of all her green,
And let bare branches alone be seen."

Then far on the hillside bleak
These trees made pledge together,—

That notwithstanding the storms and cold
Of winter's icy weather,
They would wave their green over field and
fen,
For the beauty of earth and the joy of men.

May's Legacy.

Oh, April was a sorry child,
And wept so frequently,
I could but ask her what the cause
Of all her grief might be.

"I've buds about me here," she said,
"Just coming into bloom,
And giving out for love of me
A delicate perfume.

"I've waked the trees, and roused the grass,
And taught all things to grow;
Unbound the brook that winter froze,
And made it laughing flow.

"And now word comes that I must leave,
And who will care for these?
Oh, who will make my buds to bloom,
And robe my waiting trees?"

I said, "Sweet May will do all this
When you have gone away."
Then April broke into a smile,
And left her buds to May.

Christmas Hymn.

He has come, our Saviour Jesus;

'Tis His birthday we proclaim.

Hark, oh hark, angelic voices

Sing the praises of His name.

He has come, oh wondrous story,

To be born in Bethlehem:

Come to be the children's Saviour,

Come to live and die for them.

He has come from scenes of glory,

From the realms of endless day,

Where the angels bow adoring

As they chant the heavenly lay.

He has come, His goodness bringing

From yon pure and holy place

Richest blessings to the children—

Wondrous love and matchless grace.

He has come, but on His birthday
Shall He gifts of mercy bring,
And the children whom He blesses
Offer nothing to their King?
'Tis His birthday; we will give Him
For His presents hearts of love;
All our love and all our service
Will we give our King above.

A Christmas Carol.

All ye who sit at meagre boards,
With little fare on Christmas morn,
Ye have a cause for joy of heart,
For in God's bounties ye have part
If ye believe in Christ the Lord
Who was today a Saviour born.

All ye who sorrow and are sad
Because of death on Christmas morn,
Ye have a cause for joy of heart,
In God's re-unions ye have part
If ye believe on Christ the Lord
Who was today a Saviour born.

All ye enriched with earthly store,
Who joy for joy on Christmas morn,
Ye should have added joy of heart
Since in God's blessings ye have part

If ye believe in Christ the Lord
Who was today a Saviour born.

Not all are rich, not all are poor,
Not all have sorrow Christmas morn;
But all have cause for joy of heart,
For in God's mercies all have part
Who do believe that Christ the Lord
Was for their sin a Saviour born.

Didst Thou Consider?

O Lord, when Thou didst choose my path
for me,

Didst Thou consider all the care and strife
That would surround my way—how daily
life

Would be a burden with perplexity?

And didst Thou know by nature I would be
A timid soul, and much inclined to fear?

O Lord, when Thou didst set my portion
here

Did all these homely matters come to Thee?

“Yea, ere I chose the limit for thy feet

I thought on all the sorrow and the strife,
And the perplexities of daily life;

I pondered well the troubles thou must meet.
And then I said, With promise of My power
This child can meet such things at any hour.”

The Divine Man.

In a little ship at night
 Gliding o'er the sea,
Christ as man lay down and slept,
 Worn as man may be.

But when sudden tempest rose,
 Causing wild alarm,
Christ as God commanded "Peace,"
 And the sea grew calm.

Christ beside the silent tomb
 Wept as man doth weep;
Then as only God can do,
 Waked the dead from sleep.

As a man, a man condemned,
 Christ in sorrow dies;
Then as God to dying thief
 Opens Paradise.

At His Gates.

God of the greening field and budding tree,
Who doth delight in making earth so fair,
Grant in my soul Thy spring-like touch may
be,

Awakening all Thy heavenly beauties there.

God of luxuriant growth and gladsome days,
When Thou to plenty hast approval set,
Grant that my soul, enriched by Thee always,
May know whence bounty comes, may not
forget.

God of the falling leaf and fading flower,
Whose garnered grain foretells a spring to
be,
Grant that my soul, when facing death's sad
hour,
May trust Thy promise for eternity.

God of the winter storms, fierce winds and
sleet,

When desolations sweep across my soul,
Grant that my faith, a-tremble at Thy feet,
May catch some grander view of Thy control.

Grief Conquered.

I will forestall the grief that years may bring.

Within my room alone, on bended knee,

I will beseech that when grief comes to me
God's comforts come as well to heal the sting.

Come joys divine when earthly joys take wing:

And when my loved ones die to me be given

Some clearer evidence of God's dear heaven,

Filling my soul with peace and comforting.

So grief shall find me armed, and as a foe

Yields to a warrior stronger far than he,

Grief shall present a flag of truce to me,

And own itself my vassal, bending low.

While I the victor shall have gained from grief

A deeper knowledge of divine relief.

A Monday Prayer.

Back to the shop, the factory, and the mill

Thy workers go, O Lord; and it may be

That some have sorrows pressing heavily,

And some are burdened with foreboding ill;

And some, unmindful of Thy holy will,

Gained not the rest provided yesterday.

And into sin some feet have gone astray,

And some hold labor in derision still.

Grant, therefore, Lord, that as we buyers go

Through factory or store or busy street,

With thoughtful words these laborers we

may greet,—

Mindful of grace for sin, of balm for woe:

Helping in kindness sluggard souls to see

The worth of labor and the dignity.

Hast Thou a Sorrow?

“Hast thou a sorrow?” said the tempter bold,
“It shows thy Father hath forgotten thee.
Renounce thy faith, thy trust in Him with-
hold,—

Could one who loves afflict so grievously?”

“Hast thou a sorrow?” faith speaks to my soul,
“It shows thy Father seeks thy betterment;
Ask Him to só direct it and control,
That thou shalt gain the blessing with it
sent.”

That Midnight Friend.

What unpropitious hour for suppliant to
wend

His way through silent streets to find a mid-
night friend.

What obstacles to face! The friend he seeks
at rest,

His own improvidence, and that unlooked-for
guest.

How things against him seem; yet need doth
urge his feet

To hasten for a loan of bread along that lonely
street.

What glad surprise, what cheer, what bounty
lies ahead!

That friend awakes and doth bestow all that he
needs of bread.

O soul, take courage, thou no hindrance
worse shalt face

Than faced this man when he set out to im-
portune for grace.

The very things that seemed against his prayer
to be

They added force to his request, and value to
his plea.

Then press thy need, and if in darkest hour
thou wend

Thy way to Him thou wilt indeed find Christ
thy Midnight Friend.

(Luke 11:5-8)

The Tide.

God's ships of treasure sail upon the sea
Of boundless love, of mercy infinite;
To change their course, retard their onward
way
Nor wind nor wave hath might.

Prayer is the tide for which those vessels
wait

Ere they can come to port; and if it be
The tide is low, then how canst thou expect
The treasure ships to see?

The Banner-Bearer.

From bloody field, when day's long fight is
done,

And bitter strife a glorious peace hath won,
There comes a soldier at the set of sun.

What marks of conflict! All the bright array
Wherewith he girt himself at start of day
Now tattered is, and telleth of the fray.

And he himself is weak and bruised and worn,
Yet in his hands, that cruel shots have torn,
The banner of his regiment is borne.

So do I think that I shall reach the throne,
With all the grace of early deckings gone,—
The armor broken that might else have shone.

But to my Captain on that last great day,
God grant that it may be my joy to say—
“Lord, I have kept the faith through all the
fray.”

(2 Tim. 4: 7)

If I Should Write.

If I should simply write the one word "God"
To those who in the Home* lie sick and sore;
If I should write but that and nothing more,
Yet would they tell through all the rooms
abroad

What a sweet letter, what a cheering word
My pen had written; so devout are they—
Those pilgrims who have fallen by the way,
Yet lie with gaze turned up to His abode.

But when I add "God loves," with joy how
great

They read the letter, passing it along
From room to room till other hearts are
strong

With confidence in Him on Whom they wait.

And when I add the whole—"God loveth
you"—

Their hearts rejoice as though the theme
were new.

* The Philadelphia Home for Incurables.

The Place Prepared.

When evening falls, and by the mother led
The little child reluctant leaves his play,
Not downward doth he take his sleepy way,
Nor in the outer darkness find his bed.
But step by step the little weary feet
Are guided upward till they reach the room
Whence loving thought has banished all the
gloom,
And loving care hath made the chamber sweet.
So when our Father calls us to our rest,
It is not downward into shades of night,
But upward, step by step toward the light;
Until at last our faltering feet shall come
Into that upper chamber of our home,
Where is a "place prepared" for us and blest.
(John 14:2)

My Garden Must Be Beautiful.

My garden must be beautiful;
For when the shadows play
In length'ning shapes along the wall,
And comes the cool of day,
Perchance my Lord might come to see
The place where roses bloom for me.

And if He asked to come within
This house of mine to rest,
How fair and sweet the rooms should be
For such a wondrous Guest!
'Twere better far to keep them so,
Lest He might come before I know.

And if He stayed for friendly speech
As fell the light of day,
How should I know to talk with Him,
Or holy things to say,
Unless my soul acquainted be
With some of heaven's mystery?

The Searcher.

I read of one who walked among the cots
Of wounded men behind the battle-line,
Seeking "the missing" with a patient quest—
Plying his questions with a grace most
fine.

And in that Red Cross ward full many a clue
Among the wounded of "the lost" he
found;

This man and that directing how to search
For fallen comrades out on "No Man's
Ground."

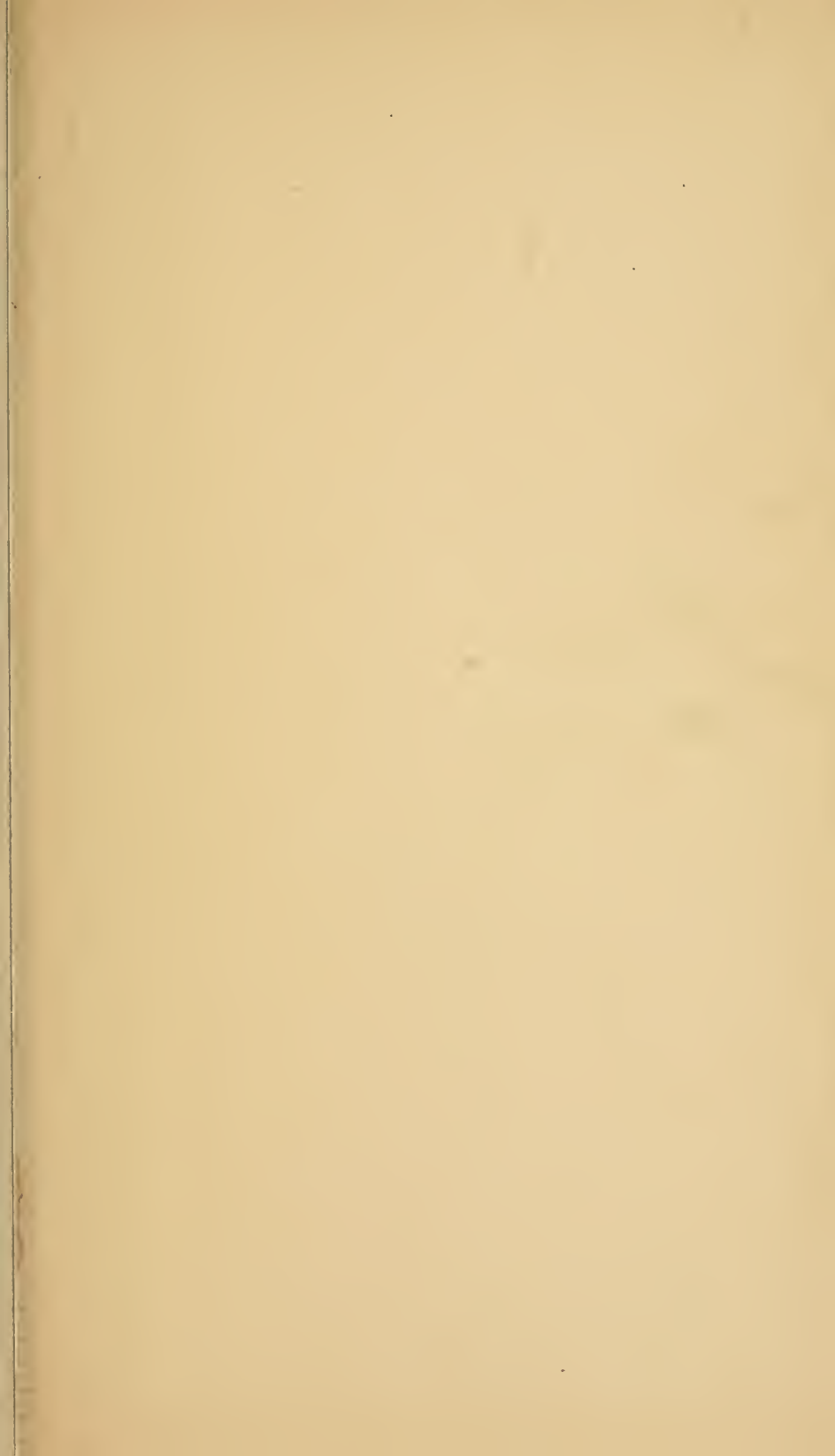
I read, and thought; the vision changed, I
saw

Another warfare, waged at greater cost;
Another Searcher, asking constantly—
"What of thy soul, thy comrade, found?—
or lost?"

Achievement.

His great desire was to paint most true
His Master's portrait; fairer far than he
Had seen as yet portrayed, with majesty
In every line and much of sweetness, too.
And on the canvas stretched the artist drew
The outlined Face,—no more, for suddenly
Canvas and brush and palette had to be
Put by for needed work his hands must do.
So wrought the years; still on the canvas
stood
Those outlined Features, never added
touch;
His busy hands too busy were for such;
Then feebleness laid low, and death ensued:
And by his couch one said with tender grace,
“I never looked on a more Christ-like face.”

[A tribute to my father, John R. Whitney.]



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